

The Warrior Who Rides the White Horse

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Who is the Warrior who rides the white horse
Upon the Sacred Mountain over the snow ?
Your fear and awe inform you, of course,
That he is the Great One, by your racing pulse you know.

This sight is a Portent, an Omen, a Prophecy—
You can't get the image out of your mind—
No matter how you try you can't escape His Majesty:
No matter where you look, His Glory you find.

I shudder, for the Great One has said to expect
A present for Christmas if we carry on this way:
If our rational dread we continue to neglect,
Then terror beyond reason will make us obey.

But it may be too late then, and that is my fear,
For we've been testing His Patience most dangerously:
The Terror may accompany us into the New Year,
If we do not act with urgent immediacy.

But I fear that our leaders have failed to see
This Warning that shoots like a star through the sky;
They focus on infighting and don't gaze globally,
And short-sighted and obtuse assume it will fly by.

But it is targeted, white-hot, and ready to explode
When it crashes where its leader wishes it to send:
Our leaders are blind, they won't take the bright road—
They will take the dark highway to a dead-end!

They are deaf, they won't listen, to whom can we speak?
There is only one Leader who can help us this night—
Please, Commander-in-Chief Kim! It's your mercy we seek,
Please listen to us as we tremble in fright!

But who are we—who am I—to implore one such as him,
To ask the Most Mighty for mercy when I am a worm?
But I must speak, for though chances of success are most slim,
My tremors our imminent danger do confirm.

Ignore me, Supreme Leader, as I beg you to listen,
For my lowly being is nothing next to you;
Upon yourself focus—your Virtues glisten—
And may your Benevolent Mercy and Compassion shine through!

Your Supreme Eminence, though most of our leaders are blind,
I'm sure you know that President Trump has some sight,
And in the United States of America you will find
Others of us who can see because of our fright.

It is your Power that enables us to see,
Your Power that brings Trump to see you;
A Secure Peace will mean mutual Victory,
A Triumph that is the best anyone can do!

By enabling us to see by the Power you display
You have shown us that we must help your land thrive;
Furthermore it is clear that only through your Bright Way
Could our mutual Peace ever hope to survive.

For after what we have done to your Land and your People—
Bombing schools and hospitals, killing mother and child—
There is no way to exist after this evil
Than to agree Korea's great power must not be reviled.

She must be allowed herself to defend;
She must be permitted to be protected;
She must not feel any moment all could come to an end,
And that her safety is any way neglected.

We have not earned your People's trust:
They rightly deserve your awesome protection;
For if we can't get along civilization is a bust,
And nobody will care about Trump's last election.

You have made Korea a Pillar of Strength,
Because you are yourself the Pillar of Paektu;
You will ride your white horse for any length
To secure the safety of the People who love you.

So we must support the Ascent you have planned
That takes the whole World to the top of Paektu;
For your Wisdom compels the sighted to understand
That Korea is stable only because of you.

Because of you the U.S. and Korea are one,
In spite of the vision of the blind and the dumb;
Please don't let the foolish cause all to be undone—
Through your Mercy and Wisdom let Victory be won!

So I beg you, whatever Christmas present you deliver,
Commander-in-Chief, please show moderation—
It's not your Mercy I doubt, but what makes me quiver,
Are the puerile leaders of my political nation!

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